6

DIANA.

OR,

The excellent conceitful Sonnets of *H. C.* Augmented with diuers Quatorzains of honorable and lerned personages.

Deuided into viij. Decads.

Vincitur a facibus, qui iacet ipse faces.

AT LONDON,
Printed by *Iames Roberts* for
Richard Smith.

THE PRINTER TO the Reader.

OBſcur'd wonders (gentlemen,) viſited me in *Turnus* armor, and I in regard of *Aeneas* honour, haue vnclouded them vnto the worlde: you are that Vniuerſe, you that *Aeneas*, if you finde *Pallas* gyrdle, murder them, if not inviron'd vvith barbarizme, ſaue them, and eternitie will prayſe you.

Vale.

VNTO HER MAIE-ſties ſacred honorable Maydes.

ETernall Twins that conquer Death and Time,
Perpetuall Advocates in Heaven and Earth,
Fayre, chaſt, imaculat, and all divine,
Glorious alone, before the firſt mans byrth:
You two-fold CHARITES, *celeſtiall lights,*
Bow your Sun-ryſing eyes, Planets of joy,
Vpon theſe Orphan Poems: in whoſe rights,
Conceit firſt claym'd his byrth-right to enioy.
If pittifull, you ſhun the ſong of Death,
Or feare the ſtaine of Loues life-dropping blood,
O know then you are pure, and purer fyth,
Shall ſtill keepe white, the flower, the fruite, and bud.
Loue moueth all things, you that loue, ſhall moue
All things in him: and he in you ſhall loue.

RICHARD SMYTH.

The first Decad.

SONNET. I.

REſolu'd to loue, vnworthy to obtaine,
I doe no fauour craue: but humble wiſe
to thee my ſighes in verſe I ſacrifiſe,
onely ſome pitty, and no helpe to gaine.
Heare then, and as my hart ſhall aye remaine
a patient obiect to thy lightning eyes:
a patient eare bring thou to thundring eryes;
feare not the cracke, when I the blow ſuſtaine.
So, as thine eye bred mine ambitious thought,
ſo ſhall thine eare make proud my Voyce for ioy:
lo (Deere) what wonders great by thee are wrought
when I but little fauours doe enioy.
The voyce is made the eare for to reioyce:
And your eare giueth pleaſure to my voyce.

B. Blame

SONNET. 11.

BLame not my hart for flying vp too hie,
ſith thou art cauſe that it this flight begunne;
for e.rthly vapours drawne vp by the Sunne:
Comets begun, and night-ſunnes in the skie.
Mine humble hart, ſo with thy heauenly eie
drawne vp aloft, all low deſires doth ſhunne:
raiſe then me vp, as thou my hart haſt done,
ſo during night, in heauen remaine may I.
I ſay againe, blame not my high deſire,
ſith of vs both the cauſe thereof depends:
in thee doth ſhine, in me doth burne a fire,
fire drawes vp other, and it ſelfe aſcends.
Thine eye a fire, and ſo drawes vp my loue:
My loue a fire, and ſo aſcends aboue.

Fly

SONNET. III.

FLy low deere Loue, thy Sunne dooſt thou not ſee?
take heede, doe not ſo neere his rayes aſpyre:
leaſt (for thy pride, inflam'd with wreakful ire)
it burne thy wings, as it hath burned me.
Thou (haply) ſaiſt, thy wings immortall bee,
and ſo cannot conſumed be with fire:
the one is *Hope*, the other is deſire,
and that the heauens beſtow'd them both on thee.
A Muſes words made thee with *Hope* to flye,
an Angels face *Deſire* hath begot,
thy ſelfe engendred by a Goddeſſe eye:
yet for all this, immortall thou art not.
Of heauenly eye though thou begotten art,
Yet art thou borne but of a mortall hart.

SONNET. IIII.

A Friend of mine, pitying my hopeleſſe loue,
hoping (by killing hope) my loue to ſlay,
Let not (quoth he) thy hope thy hart betray,
impoſſible it is her hart to moue.
But ſith reſolued loue cannot remoue,
as long as thy diuine perfections ſtay:
thy Godhead then he ſought to take away.
Deere ſeeke reuenge, and him a lyar proue.
Gods onely doe impoſſibilities,
impoſſible (ſaith he) thy grace to gaine:
ſhow ther the power of thy diuinities,
by graunting me thy fauour to obtaine,
So ſhall thy foe giue to himſelfe the lie;
A Goddeſſe thou ſhalt proue, and happy I.

Thine

SONNET. V.

THine eye the glaſſe where I behold my hart,
mine eye the window through the which thine eye
may ſee my hart, and there thy ſelfe eſpy
in bloody cullours how thou painted art.
Thine eye the pyle is of a murdering dart,
mine eye the ſight thou tak'ſt thy leuell by
to hit my hart, and neuer ſhootes awry,
mine eye thus helpes thine eye to worke my ſmart.
Thine eye a fire is both in heate and light,
mine eye of teares a riuer doth become:
oh that the water of mine eyes had might
to quench the flames y from thine eyes doth come.
Or that the fire kindled by thine eye,
The flowing ſtreames of mine eyes could make drie.

SONNET. VI.

MIne eye with all the deadly ſinnes is fraught,
1. Firſt *proud*, ſith it preſum'd to looke ſo hie;
a watchman being made, ſtoode gazing by,
2. and *idle*, tooke no heede till I was caught:
3. And *enuious*, beares enuie that by thought
ſhould in his abſence be to her ſo nie:
to kill my hart, mine eye let in her eye,
4. and ſo conſent gaue to a *murther* wrought:
5. And *couetous*, it neuer would remoue
from her faire haire, gold ſo doth pleaſe his ſight;
6. *Vnchaſt*, a baude betweene my hart and loue:
7. a *glutton* eye, with teares drunke euery night.
Theſe ſinnes procured haue a Goddeſſe ire:
Wherfore my hart is damn'd in Loues ſweet fire.

Falſlie

SONNET. VII.

FAlſly doth enuie of your praiſes blame
my tongue, my pen, my hart of flattery,
becauſe I ſaid there was no ſunne but thee,
it call'd my tongue the partiall trumpe of Fame;
And ſaith my pen hath flattered thy name,
becauſe my pen did to my tongue agree;
and that my hart muſt needs a flatterer bee,
which taught both tongue & pen to ſay the ſame.
No, no, I flatter not, when thee I call
the ſunne, ſith that the ſunne was neuer ſuch a;
but when the ſunne thee I compar'd withall,
doubtles the ſunne I flattered too much.
Witnes mine eyes I ſay the trueth in this:
They haue ſeene thee, and know that ſo it is.

Much

SONNET. VIII.

MVch ſorrow in it ſelfe my loue doth moue,
more my diſpaire, to loue a hopeleſſe bliſſe;
my folly moſt, to loue whom ſure to miſſe;
oh helpe me but this laſt greefe to remoue.
All paines if you commaund, it ioy ſhall proue,
and wiſedome to ſeeke ioy: then ſay but this;
becauſe my pleaſure in thy torment is,
I doe commaund thee without hope to loue.
So, when this thought my ſorrow ſhall augment,
that my owne folly did procure my paine,
then ſhall I ſay to giue my ſelfe content,
obedience onely made me loue in vaine.
It was your will, and not my want of wit:
I haue the paine, beare you the blame of it.

My

SONNET. IX.

MY Ladies preſence makes the Roſes red,
becauſe to ſee her lips, they bluſh for ſhame:
the Lyllies leaues (for enuie) pale became,
and her white hands in them this enuie bred.
The Marigold the leaues abroad doth ſpred,
becauſe the ſunnes, and her power is the ſame:
the Violet of purple cullour came,
di'd in the blood ſhee made my hart to ſhed.
In briefe, all flowers from her their vertue take;
frō her ſweet breath, their ſweet ſmels do proceede,
the liuing heate which her eye beames doth make,
warmeth the ground, and quickeneth the ſeede:
The raine wherewith ſhee watereth the flowers,
Falls from mine eyes, which ſhe diſſolues in ſhowers.

Heraulds

SONNET. X.

HEraulds at armes doe three perfections quote,
to wit, moſt faire, moſt ritch, moſt glittering:
ſo when thoſe three concurre within one thing,
needes muſt that thing of honor be a note.
Lately I did behold a ritch faire coate,
which wiſhed Fortune to mine eyes did bring,
a lordly coate, yet worthy of a King,
in which one might all theſe perfections note.
A field of Lyllies, roſes proper bare,
two ſtarres in chiefe, the Creſt was waues of gold,
how glittering twas, might by the ſtarres appeare,
the Lillies made it faire for to behold.
And ritch it was as by the gold appeareth,
But happy he that in his armes it weareth.

If

The ſecond Decad.

SONNET. I.

IF true loue might true loues reward obtaine,
dumbe wonder onely might ſpeake of my ioy:
but too much worth hath made thee too much coy
and told me long agoe, I ſigh'd in vaine.
Not then vaine hope of vndeſerued gaine,
hath made me paint in verſes mine annoy:
but for thy pleaſure, that thou might'ſt enioy
thy beauties praiſe, in glaſſes of my paine.
See then thy ſelfe (though me thou wilt not heare)
by looking on my verſe: for paine in verſe,
loue doth in paine, beautie in loue appeare.
ſo, if thou wouldſt my verſes meaning ſee,
Expound them thus, when I my loue rehearſe;
None loues like him; that is, None faire like mee.

It

SONNET. 11.

IT may be, Loue my death doth not pretend,
although he ſhoots at mee: but thinks it fit
thus to bewitch thee for my benefit,
cauſing thy will to my wiſh condiſcend.
For Witches which ſome murther doe intend,
doe make a picture, and doe ſhoote at it;
and in that part where they the picture hit,
the parties ſelfe doth languiſh to his end.
So Loue too weake by force thy hart to taint,
within my hart thy heauenly ſhape doth paint:
ſuffring therein his arrowes to abide,
onely to th'end he might by witches arte,
Within my hart pierce through thy pictures ſide,
And through thy pictures ſide might wound my hart.

The

SONNET. III.

THE Sunne his iourney ending in the Weſt,
taking his lodging vp in *Thetis* bed,
though from our eyes his beames be baniſhed,
yet with his light th' *Antipodes* be bleſt.
Now when the ſun-time brings my Sunne to reſt,
(which mee soo oft of reſt hath hindered)
and whiter skinne with white ſheete couered,
and ſofter cheeke doth on ſoft pillow reſt:
Then I (oh Sunne of sunnes, and light of lights)
wiſh mee with thoſe *Antipodes* to be,
which ſee and feele thy beames & heate by nights.
Well though the night both cold and darkſome is,
Yet halfe the dayes delight the night graunts mee:
I feele my Sunnes heate, though his light I miſſe.

Lady

SONNET. IIII.

LAdie in beautie and in fauour rare,
of fauour (not of dute) I fauour craue:
nature to thee Beauty and fauour gaue:
faire then thou art, and fauour thou maiſt ſpare.
Nor when on mee beſtow'd your fauours are,
leſſe fauour in your face you ſhall not haue:
if fauour then a wounded ſoule may ſaue,
of murthers guilt (deere Lady) then beware.
My loſſe of life a mililon fold were leſſe,
than the leaſt loſſe ſhould vnto you befall:
yet graunt this gyft, which gift when I poſſeſſe,
both I haue life, and you no loſſe at all.
For by your Fauour onely I doe liue:
And fauour you may well both keepe and giue.

My

SONNET. V.

MY *Reaſon* abſent, did mine eyes require
to watch and ward, and ſuch foes to deſcrie
as they ſhould neere my hart approching ſpie:
but traitor eyes my harts death did cõſpire,
(Corrupted with *Hopes* gyfts) let in *Deſire*
to burne my hart: and ſought no remedy,
though ſtore of water were in eyther eye,
which well imployde, might wel haue quencht the fire.
Reaſon return'd, *Loue* and *Fortune* made
Iudges, to iudge mine eyes to puniſhment:
Fortune, ſith they by ſight my hart betraid,
from wiſhed ſight adiudg'd them baniſhment:
Loue, ſith by fire murdred my hart was found,
Adiudged them in teares for to be drownd.

Wonder

SONNET, VI.

WOnder it is, and pittie ift, that ſhee
in whom all beauties treaſure we may finde,
that may enritch the body and the mind,
towards the poore ſhould vſe no charitie.
My loue is gone a begging vnto thee,
and if that Beauty had not beene more kind
then Pittie, long ere this he had beene pinde:
but Beautie is content his foode to bee.
Oh pittie haue, when ſuch poore Orphans beg;
Loue (naked boy) hath nothing on his backe:
and though he wanteth neither armie nor leg,
yet maim'd he is, ſith he his ſight doth lacke.
And yet (though blinde) he beautie can behold:
And yet (though nak'd) he ſeeks more heate than cold.

Pittie

SONNET. VII.

PItty refuſing my poore Loue to feede,
a begger ſtaru'd for want of helpe he lies,
and at your mouth (the doore of Beauty) cries,
that thence ſome almes of ſweete grants might proceede.
But as he waiteth for ſome almes-deede,
a cherrie tree before the doore he ſpies,
oh deere (quoth he) two cherries may ſuffiſe,
two onely may ſaue life in this my neede.
But beggers, can they naught but cherries eate?
Pardon my Loue, he is a Goddeſſe ſonne,
and neuer feedeth but on daintie meate,
els needs he not to pine as he hath done:
For onely the ſweet fruite of this ſweete tree,
Can giue foode to my Loue, and life to mee.

SONNET. VIII.

THE Fouler hides (as cloſely as he may)
the net, where caught the ſillie bird ſhould be,
leaſt he the threatning pryſon ſhould but ſee,
and ſo for feare be fore'd to flye away.
My Lady ſo, the while ſhee doth aſſay
in curled knots faſt to entangle me,
put on her vaile, to th'end I ſhould not flee
the golden net, wherein I am a pray.
Alas (moſt ſweet) what neede is of a net,
to catch a byrd, that is already tane?
Sith with your hand alone you may it get,
for it deſires to flie into the ſame.
What neede ſuch arte, my thoughts then to intrap?
When of themſelues they flye into your lap.

Sweet

SONNET. IX.

SWeet hand the fweet, but cruell bowe thou art,
from whence at me fiue yuorie arrowes flie:
ſo with fiue wounds at once I wounded lie,
bearing my breſt the print of euery dart.
Saint *Frances* had the like, yet felt no ſmart,
where I in liuing torments neuer die:
his wounds were in his hands and feete, where I
all theſe fiue helpleſſe wounds feele in my hart.
Now (as Saint *Frances*) if a ſaint am I,
the bowe that ſhot theſe ſhafts a reliques is:
I meane the hand, which is the reaſon why
ſo many for deuotion thee would kiſſe.
And ſome thy gloue kiſſe, as a thing diuine,
This arrowes quiuer, and this reliques ſhrine.

SONNET. X.

FAire Sunne, if you wold haue me praiſe your light,
when night approcheth, wherfore doe you flie?
Time is to ſhort, Beauties ſo many be,
as I haue neede to ſee them day and night:
That by continuall view, my verſes might
tell all the beames of your diuinitie;
which praiſe to you, and ioy ſhould be to mee,
you liuing by my verſe, I by yours light.
I by your light, and not you by my verſe:
neede then I ſhall immortall praiſe rehearſe?
no, no, though eyes were blind, & verſe were dumb.
your beautie ſhold be ſeene, & your fame known.
For by the winde which from my ſighes doe come,
Your praiſes round about the world is blowne.

The

The thyrd Decad.

SONNET. I.

VNciuill ſickneſſe, haſt thou no regard,
but dooſt preſume my deereſt to moleſt?
and without leaue dar'ſt enter in that boure,
whereto ſweet Loue approch yet neuer dar'd?
Spare thou her health, which my life hath not ſpar'd,
too bitter ſuch reuenge of my vnreſt:
although with wronge my thought ſhee hath op-preſt,
my wronge ſeeke not reuenge, they craue reward.
Ceaſe Sickneſſe, ceaſe in her then to remaine,
and come and welcome, harbour thou in me:
whom Loue long ſince hath taught to ſuffer paine.
So ſhee which hath ſo oft my paine increaſt,
(Oh God, that I might ſo reuenged be,)
By my poore paine, might haue her paine releaſt.

SONNET. 11.

THe ſcourge of life, and deathes extreame diſgrace,
the ſmoake of hell, that monſter called paine,
long ſhamd to be accurſt in euery place,
by them who of his rude reſort complaine:
Like caitife wretch by time and trauell taught,
his ougly ills in others good to hide,
late harbour'd in her face, whom nature wrought
as treaſure houſe where her beſt gifts abide.
And ſo by priuiledge of ſacred ſeate,
(a ſeate where beauty ſhines, and vertue raignes,)
he hopes for ſome ſmal praiſe, ſince ſhe hath great,
within her beames wrapping his cruel ſtaines.
Ah ſaucie Paine, let not thine error laſt,
More louing eyes ſhee drawes, more hate thou haſt.

Woe

SONNET. III.

WOe, woe to me, on mee returne the smart,
my burning tongue hath bred my Mistres paine,
for oft in paine to paine my painfull hart
with her due praise, didst of my state complaine.
I praisd her eyes whom neuer change doth moue,
her breath, which makes a sower aunswere sweet,
her milken breasts, the nurse of child-like loue,
her legs (ô legs) her day well stepping feete.
Paine heard her praise, and full of inward fire,
first sayling vp my hart (as pray of his)
hee flyes to her and boldned with desire,
her face (this ages praise) the theefe doth kisse.
O Paine, I now recant the praise I gaue,
And sweare shee is not worthy thee to haue.

Thou

SONNET: IIII.

THou paine, the onely gueſt of loath'd conſtraint,
the child of curſſe, mans weakenes foſter child,
brother to woe, and Father of complaint,
thou paine, thou lothed paine from heauen exilde:
How hold'ſt thou her whoſe eies conſtraint doth feare,
who curſt, doth bleſſe, who weakneth vertues arme,
who obiects woes and plaints can chaſtly heare,
in whoſe ſweet breaſt, angels of hie thoughts ſwarm
What courage ſtrange hath caught thy catiſe hart?
Fear'ſt not a face that oft whole harts deuours?
or art thou from aboue hyd play this part?
and ſo no helpe gainſt enuie of thoſe powers.
If thus, alas, yet whilſt thoſe parts haue wo,
So ſtay her tongue that thee no more ſay no.

And

SONNET. V.

AND haue I heard her say, o cruell paine,
and doth she know what mould her beuty beares?
mournes shee in troth, & thinks that others faine?
feares shee to feele, and feeles not others feares?
O doth she thinke, all paine the mind forbeares,
or on the earth no fierie spirits may moue,
that eyes weepe worse then hart in bloody teares,
that fence feeles more thē what doth fence cōtaine.
No, no, she is too wise, shee knowes her face,
hath not such paine as it makes Louers haue:
shee knowes the sickness of that perfect place:
hath yet such health as my life can saue.
But this shee thinks, our paines hir cause excuseth,
Where her who should rule paine, false paine abuseth.

Since

SONNET. VI.

SInce ſhunning paine, I eaſe can neuer finde,
ſince baſhful dread ſeeks where he knowes me harmd
ſince will is wonne, and ſtopped eares are charmd,
ſince force doth faint, & ſight doth make me blind
Since louing long, the faſter ſtill I binde,
ſince naked feare can conquer reaſon armde,
ſince hart in chilling feare with Ice is warmd
in fine, ſince ſtrife of thought but marrs the mind,
I yeeld (ô Loue) vnto thy loathed yoke:
Yet erauing law of armes, whoſe rule doth teach,
that hardly vſd who cuts priſon broke,
in iuſtice quit of hones made no breach:
Whereas if I a gratefull Gardian haue,
Thou art my Lord, and I thy vowed ſlaue.

When

SONNET. VII.

When Loue puft vp with rage of hie disdaine,
resolu'd to make mee patterne of his might,
like foe whose wits inclind to deadly spight,
would often kill to breede more feeling paine.
He would not arme de with beautie onely traigne,
on those effects that easely yeeld to light,
but vertue sets so hie, that reasons sight
for all his strife can onely bondage gaine;
So that I liue to pay a mortall fee,
dead-palsey sicke of all my chiefest parts,
like those whom dreames make ougly monsters see,
and cry, ô helpe, with naught but grones & starts.
Longing to haue, hauing no will to wish,
To stammering minds such is good *Cupids* dish.

In

SONNET. VIII.

IN wonted walkes ſince wonted fancies change,
ſome cauſe there is which of ſtrange cauſe doth riſe:
for in each thing where to mine eye doth range,
part of my paine me ſeemes ingraued lies.
The rocks which were of conſtant minds the marke,
in climbing ſteepe, now hard refuſall ſhoe:
the ſhadie woods ſeeme now my ſunne to darke,
and ſtately hills diſdaine to looke ſo low.
The reſtfull caues, now reſtleſſe viſions giue,
in dales I ſee each way a hard aſſent:
like late mowne meades, late cut from ioy I liue,
alas, ſweet Brookes doe in my teares augment.
Rocks, woods, hils, caues, dales, meades, brooks anſwer (mee,
Infected mindes infect each thing they ſee.

Woe

SONNET. IX.

WOe to mine eyes, the organs of mine ill,
hate to my hart for not concealing ioy,
a double curſe vpon my tongue be ſtill,
whoſe babling loſt what els I might enioy.
When firſt mine eyes did with thy beautie toy,
they to my hart thy wondrous vertues told,
who fearing leaſt thy beames ſhould him deſtroy,
what ere he knew did to my tongue vnfold.
My teltale tongue, in talking ouer bold,
what they in priuate counſell did declare,
to thee in plaine and publique tearmes vnrould,
and ſo by that made thee more coyer farre.
What in thy praiſe he ſpoake, that didſt thou truſt,
And yet my ſorrowes thou dooſt hold vniuſt.

Of

SONNET. X.

OF an Athenian youngman haue I red,
who on blind Fortunes picture doted ſo,
that when he could not buy it to his bed,
on it he gazing died for very wo.
My Fortunes picture art thou flintie Dame,
that ſeeſt golden apples to my ſight,
but wilt by no meanes let mee taſt the ſame:
to drowne in ſight of land is double ſpight.
Of Fortune as thou learn'dſt to be vnkind,
ſo learne to be vnconſtant to diſdaine:
the wittieſt women are to ſport inclind,
honor is pride, and pride is naught but paine.
Let others boaſt of chooſing for the beſt,
Tis ſubſtances, not names muſt make vs bleſt.

The

The fourth Decad.

SONNET. I.

NEedes muſt I leaue, and yet needes muſt I loue,
in vaine my wit doth tell in verſe my woe,
diſpayre in me diſdaine in thee dooth ſhoe,
how by my wit I doe my ſelfe prone:
All this my hart from loue can neuer moue.
loue is not in my hart, no Lady no,
my hart is loue it ſelfe, till I forgoe
my hart, I neuer can my loue remoue.
How can I then leaue loue? I doe intend
not to craue grace, but yet to wiſh it ſtill.
Not to prayſe thee, but beauty to commend,
and ſo by beauties prayſe, prayſe thee I will.
For as my hart is loue, loue not in mee,
So beauty thou, beauty is not in thee.

Sweete

SONNET. 11.

SWeete Soueraigne, ſith ſo many minds remaine
obedient ſubiects at thy beauties call,
ſo many harts bound in thy haires as thrall,
ſo many eyes die with one lookers diſdaine,
Goe ſeeke the honour that doth thee pertaine,
that the firſt Monarchie may thee befall.
Thou haſt ſuch meanes to conquer men withall,
as all the world muſt yeeld, or els be ſlaine.
To fight, thou need'ſt no weapons but thine eyes,
thine haire hath gold enough to pay thy men,
and for their foode, thy beauty will ſuffiſe.
For men and armour, (Lady) care haue none,
For one will ſooner yeeld vnto thee then
When he ſhall meete thee naked all alone.

When

SONNET. VIII.

WHen your perfections to my thoughts appeare,
they lay among themselues, o happy wee,
which euer shall so rare an obiect see:
but happy hart, if thoughts lesse happy were,
For their delights haue oft my hart full d'ere,
in whom of loue a thousand causes be,
and each cause breeds a thousand loues in me,
and each loue more then thousand harts can beare,
How can my hart so many loues then hold,
which yet (by heapes) increase from day to day?
but like a ship that's ouercharg'd with gold,
must either sinke, or hurle the gold away.
But hurle not loue: thou canst not feeble hart,
In thine owne blood, thou therefore drowned art.

SONNET. IIII.

FOoles be they that inueigh gainſt Mahomet,
who's but a morrall of loues Monarchie:
by a dull Adamant, as ſtraw by Iet,
he in an yron cheſt was drawne on hie.
In midſt of *Mecas* temple roofe, ſome ſay,
he now hangs, without touch or ſtay at all;
That Mahomet is ſhee to whom I pray,
(may nere man pray ſo vneffectuall)
Mine eyes, loues ſtrange exhaling Adaments,
vnwares to my harts temples height haue raught
the yron Idoll that compaſſion wants,
who my oft teares and trauels ſets at naught.
Iron hath beene tranſ-formd to gold by arte,
Her face, lymmes, fleſh, and all gold, ſaue her hart.

Ready

SONNET. V.

READy to ſeeke out death, in my diſgrace
my Miſtres gan to ſmooth her gathered browes,
whereby I am reprieued for a ſpace:
ô Hope & Feare, who halfe your torments knowes?
It is ſome mercie in a black-mouth'd Iudge,
to haſte his pryſoners end, if he muſt die.
Deere, if all other fauour you ſhall grudge,
doe ſpeedie execution with your eye.
With one ſole looke, you leaue in me no ſoule,
count it a loſſe to loſe a faithfull ſlaue;
would God that I might heare my laſt bell toule,
ſo in your boſome I might dig my graue.
Doubtfull delay is worſe then any feuer,
Or helpe me ſoone, or caſt me off for euer.

SONNET. VI.

EAch day new proofes of newe diſpaire I finde,
that is, newe deathes: no maruell then though I
make exile my laſt helpe; to th'end mine eye
ſhould not behold the death to me aſſignd.
Not that from death abſence might ſaue my minde,
but that it might take death more patiently:
like him the which by Iudge condemned to die,
to ſuffer with more eaſe, his eyes doth blind.
Your lippes (in ſcarlet clad) my Iudges be,
pronouncing ſentence of eternall no:
Diſpaire the hangman that tormenteth me,
the death I ſuffer, is the life I haue;
For onely life doth make me die in woe,
And onely death I for my pardon craue.

The

SONNET. VII.

THE richeſt relique *Rome* did euer view,
was *Ceſars* tombe, on which with cunning hand
Ioues tryple honours the three faire Graces ſtand,
telling his vertues in their vertues true.
This *Rome* admir'd: but deereſt Deere, in you
dwelleth the wonder of the happieſt land,
And all the world to *Neptunes* furtheſt ſtrand
For what *Rome* ſhapt, hath liuing life in you.
Thy naked beautie bounteouſly diſplaid,
enricheth Monarchies of harts with loue,
thine eares to heare complaints are open laid,
thine eyes kind lookes, repuue all paines I proue,
That of my death I dare not thee accuſe,
But, pryde in me that baſer chaunce refuſe.

SONNET. VIII.

WHy thus vniuſtly, ſay my cruell fate,
dooſt thou adiudge my luckleſſe eyes and hart?
The one to liue exild from that ſweet ſmart
where th'other pines, impriſond without date.
My luckleſſe eyes muſt neuer more debate,
of thoſe bright beames that eaſd my loue apart:
and yet my hart, bound to them with loues dart,
muſt there dwell euer, to bemone my ſtate.
O had mine eyes beene ſuffred there to reſt,
often they had my harts vnquiet eaſd,
or had my hart with baniſhment been bleſt,
mine eye with beautie neuer had beene pleaſd;
But ſince theſe croſſe effects hath fortune wrought,
Dwell hart with her, eyes view her in my thought.

Oft

SONNET. IX.

OFt haue I mus'd, but now at length I finde,
why thoſe that die, men ſay they doe depart;
depart a word ſo gentle to my minde,
weakely did ſeeme to paint deaths ougly dart.
But now the ſtars, with their ſtrange courſe do binde
mee one to leaue, with whom I leaue my hart.
I heare a cry of ſpyrits faint and blind,
that parting thus, my cheefeſt part I part.
Part of my life, the loathed part to mee,
liues to impart my weary day-ſome breath:
but that good part wherein all comforts bee,
now dead, doe ſhow departure is a death.
Yea worſe then death, death parts both woe & ioy,
From ioy I part, ſtill liuing in annoy.

Hope

SONNET. X.

HOpe, like the *Hyenna* comming to beold,
alters his ſhape, is turn'd into diſpaire:
pitty my hoarie hopes, maid of cleere mould.
thinke not that frownes can euer make thee faire.
What harme is it to kiſſe, to laugh, to play?
Beauties no bloſome if it be not vs'd
ſweet daliance keepeth wrinkles long away,
repentance followes them that haue refus'd.
To bring you to the knowledge of your good,
I ſeeke, I ſue, ô try and then beleeue,
each Image can be chaſt thats caru'd of wood:
you ſhow you liue when men you doe releeue.
Iron with wearing ſhines, ruſt waſteth treaſure,
On earth but loue there is no other pleaſure.

The

The fifth Decad.

SONNET. 1.

AYe mee poore wretch, my prayer is turnd to ſinne,
I ſay I loue, my Miſtres ſaies tis luſt:
thus moſt wee looſe, where moſt wee ſeeke to win,
wit will make wicked what is nere ſo iuſt.
And yet I can ſupplant her falſe ſurmiſe.
Luſt is a fire, that for an howre or twaine
gyueth a ſcorching blaze, and then he dies.
Loue, a continuall fornace doth maintaine.
A fornace, well this a fornace may be call'd,
for it burnes inward, yeelds a ſmothering flame,
ſighes which like boyld leads ſmoking vapor ſcald.
I ſigh a pace at eccho of ſighes name.
Long haue I ſeru'd, no ſhow blaze is my loue,
Hid ioyes these are that maydes ſcorne till they proue.

SONNET. II.

I Doe not now complaine of my diſgrace,
ô cruell fayre one, fayre with cruell croſt:
nor of the hower, ſeaſon, time nor place,
nor of my ſoyle for any freedom loſt;
Nor of my courage by miſ-fortune daunted,
nor of my wit, by ouer-weening ſtrooke,
nor of my ſence, by any ſounde inchaunted,
nor of the force of fierie poynted hooke.
Nor of the ſteele that ſticks within my wound,
nor of my thoughts, by worſer thoughts defac'd,
nor of the liſe I labour to confound;
But I complaine, that beeing thus diſgrac'd,
Fyerd, feard, frantick, fetterd, ſhot through, ſlaine,
My death is ſuch as I may not complaine.

If

SONNET. III.

IF euer ſorrow ſpoke from ſoule that loues,
as ſpeakes aſpirit in a man poſſeſt,
in mee her ſpirit ſpeakes, my ſoule it moues,
whoſe ſigh-ſwolne words breed whirlwinds in my breſt.
Or like the eccho of a paſſing bell,
which ſounding on the water, ſeemes to howle:
ſo rings my hart a fearefull beauie knell,
and keepes all night in conſort with the Owle.
My cheekes with a thin Ice of teares is clad,
mine eyes like morning ſtarres are bleer'd and red:
what reſteth then but I be raging mad,
to ſee that ſhee, (my cares cheefe conduit head)
When all ſtreames els help quench my burning hart,
Shuts vp her ſprings, and will no grace impart.

You

SONNET. IIII.

YOu ſecrete vales, you ſolitarie fieldes,
you ſhores forſaken, and you ſounding rocks:
if euer groning hart hath made you yeeld,
or words halfe ſpoke that ſence in priſon locks,
Then mongſt night ſhadowes whiſper out my death;
that when my ſelfe hath ſeald my lips frō ſpeaking,
each tell-tale eccho with a weeping breath,
may both record my trueth, & true loues breaking.
You prettie flowers that ſmile for Sommers ſake,
pull in your heads before my watrie eyes
doe turne the Medowes to a ſtanding lake:
by whoſe vntimely floodes your glory dies.
For loe, mine hart reſolu'd to moyſtning ayre,
Feedeth mine eyes, which doubles teare for teare.

His

SONNET. V.

His ſhadow to *Narciſſus* well preſented
how faire hee was by ſuch attracting loue:
ſo if thou would'ſt thy ſelfe thy beauty proue,
vulgar breath-myrrors might haue wel contented,
And to theyr prayers eternally conſented.
Othes, vowes, & ſighes, if they beliefe might moue,
but more thou forſt, making my pen aproue,
thy praiſe to all, leaſt any had diſented.
With this hath wrought, ỹ which before wert known
but vnto ſome, of all art now required,
& thine eies wonders wrong'd, becauſe nor ſhown
the world, with daily orizons deſired.
Thy chaſt faire gifts, with learnings breath is blowne,
And thus my pen hath made thy ſweetes admired.

I

SONNET. VI.

I Am no modell figure, or ſigne of care,
but his eternall harts conſuming eſſence,
in whom griefes comentaries written are,
drawing groſſe paſſion into pure quinteſſence.
Not thine eyes fire, but fire of thine eyes diſdaine,
fed by neglect of my continuall greeuing,
attracts the true liues ſpirit of my paine,
and giues it thee, which giues mee no releeuing.
Within thine armes ſad Elegies I ſing,
vnto thine eyes a true hart loue torne lay I,
thou ſmell'ſt from me the ſauours ſorrowes bring,
my teares to taſt my trueth, to touch diſplay I.
Loe thus each ſence (deere faire one) I importune,
But beeing care, thou flyeſt mee as ill fortune.

But

SONNET. VII.

BVt beeing care, thou flyeſt mee as ill fortune.
Care the conſuming canker of the mind,
the diſcord that diſorders ſweet harts tune,
th'abortiue baſtard of a coward mind:
The light-foote lackie that runnes poſt by death,
bearing the Letters which containe our end,
the buſie aduocate that ſells his breath,
denouncing worſt to him is moſt his friend.
O Deere, this care no intreſt holdes in mee,
but holy care, the Gardiant of thy faire,
thine honors champion, and thy vertues fee,
the zeale wᵗ theé from barbarus times ſhall beate.
This care am I, this care my life hath taken,
Deere to my ſoule, then leaue me not forſaken.

Deere

SONNET. VIII.

DEere to my ſoule, then leaue me not forſaken,
flie not, my hart within thy boſome ſleepeth:
euen from my ſelfe and ſence I haue betaken,
mee vnto thee, for whom my ſpirit weepeth.
And on the ſhoare of that ſalt tearie ſea,
couch'd in a bed of vntrue ſeeming pleaſure,
where, in imaginarie thoughts thy faire ſelfe lay,
but being wakt, robd of my liues beſt treaſure.
I call the heauens, ayre, earth, & ſeas, to heare
my loue, my truth, and black diſdaind eſtate:
bearing the rocks with bellowings of diſpaire,
which ſtil with plaints my words reuerberate.
Sighing, alas, what ſhall become of me?
Whilſt Eccho cryes, what ſhal become of me.

Whilſt

SONNET. IX.

WHilst Eccho cryes, what shall become of mee,
and desolate my desolations pitty.
thou in thy beauties charrack sitt'st to see
my tragick down-fall, and my funerall ditty.
No Tymbrell, but my hart thou pay'st vpon,
whose strings are stretch'd vnto the hiest key,
the dyapazon loue, loue is the vnison,
in loue, my life and labours wast away.
Onely regardlesse, to the world thou leau'st mee,
whilst slaine-hopes, turning frō the feast of sorrow,
vnto Dispaire (their King) which nere deceiues me,
captiues my hart, whose blacke night hates ẏ mor-
And hee, in ruth of my distressed cry, (row.
Plants mee a weeping starre within mine eye.

SONNET. X.

Prometheus, for ſtealing liuing fire
from heauens King, was iudg'd eternall death,
in ſelfe-ſame flame with vnrelenting ire,
bound faſt to *Caucaſus* lowe foote beneath.
So I, for ſtealing liuing beauties fire
into my verſe, that it may alwaies liue,
and change his formes to ſhapes of thy deſire,
thou beauties Queene, ſelfe ſentence like doſt giue.
Bound to thy feete, in chaines of loue I lie,
for to thine eyes I neuer dare aſpire,
and in thy beauties brightnes doe I fry,
as poore *Prometheus* in the ſcalding fire.
Which teares maintaine, as oyle the Lampe reniues,
Onely my ſuccour in thy fauour lyes.

The

The ſixth Decad.

SONNET. I.

ONe Sunne vnto my liues day giues true light,
one Moone diſolues my ſtormie night of woes,
One ſtarre my fate and happy fortune ſhoes,
One Saint I ſerue, one ſhrine with vowes I dight.
One Sunne transfixt hath burnt my hart out-right,
one Moone oppos'd, my loue in darknes throes,
one ſtar hath bid my thoughts my wrongs diſcloſe,
Saints ſcorne poore ſwaines, ſhrines doe my vowes (no right.
Yet if my loue be found a holy fier,
pure, vnſtaind, without Idolatrie,
and ſhee naythleſſe, in hate of my deſire,
liues to repoſe her in my miſerie.
My ſunne, my moone, my ſtar, my ſaint, my ſhrine,
Mine be the torment, but the guilt be thine.

SONNET. II.

TO liue in hell, and heauen to behold,
to welcome life, and die a liuing death,
to ſweat with heate, and yet be freezing cold,
to graſpe at ſtarres, and lye the earth beneath;
To tread a Maze that neuer ſhall haue end,
to burne in ſighes, and ſtarue in daily teares,
to clime a hill, and neuer to deſcend,
Gyants to kill, and quake at childiſh feares;
To pyne for foode, and watch Theſperian tree,
to thirſt for drinke, and Nectar ſtill to draw,
to liue accurſt, whom men hold bleſt to bee,
and weepe thoſe wrongs which neuer creature ſaw,
If this be loue, if loue in theſe be founded,
My hart is loue, for theſe in it are grounded.

SONNET. III.

A Caruer, hauing lou'd too-long in vaine,
hewed out the portrature of *Venus* ſonne
in Marble rocke, vpon the which did raine
ſmall drizling drops, that from a fount did runne.
Imagining, the drops would either weare
his furie out, or queneh his liuing flame.
But when hee ſaw it bootleſſe did appeare,
hee ſwore the water did augment the ſame.
So, I that ſeeke in verſe to carue thee out,
hoping thy beauty will my flame alay,
viewing my verſe and Poems all throughout,
find my will, rather to my loue obey.
That, with the Caruer, I my worke doe blame,
Finding it ſtill th'augmentor of my flame.

SONNET. IIII.

Astronomers the heauens doe deuide,
into eight Houſes, where the Gods remaines,
all which in thy perfections doe abide,
for in thy feete, the Queene of ſilence raignes,
About thy waſt, *Ioues* meſſenger doth dwell,
inchaunting mee as I thereat admire:
and on thy duggs, the Queene of loue doth tell
her god-heads power, in ſcrowles of my deſire.
Thy beautie, is the worlds eternall Sunne,
thy fauours force a cowards hart to darre,
and in thy hayres, *Ioue* and his riches wunne;
thy frownes hold *Saturne*, thine eyes fyxed ſtars.
Pardon mee then diuine to loue thee well,
Since thou art heauen, and I in heauen would dwell.

Wearie

SONNET. V.

WEarie of loue, my thoughts of loue complaind,
till Reaſon told them there was no ſuch power,
and bad mee view faire beauties richeſt flower,
to ſee if there a naked boy remaind.
Deere to thine eyes, eyes that my ſoule hath paind,
thoughts turn'd them back in that vnhappy hower
to ſee if Loue keepe there his royall bower,
for if not there, then no place him containd.
There was hee not, nor boy, nor golden bow,
yet as thou turnd thy chaſt faire eye aſide,
a flame of fire did from thine eye lyds goe,
& burnt my hart through my fore-wounded ſide.
Then with a ſigh, reaſon made thoughts to cry,
There is no God of loue, ſaue that thine eye.

For-

SONNET. VI.

FOrgiue mee Deere, for thundring on thy name,
ſith tis thy ſelfe that ſhowes my loue diſtreſt,
for fire exhald, in freezing clowdes poſſeſt,
warring for way, makes all the heauens exclaime.
Thy beautie ſo, the brigheſt liuing flame,
wrapt in my clowdie hart by winter preſt,
ſcorning to dwell within ſo baſe a neſt,
thunders in mee thine euerlaſting fame.
O that my hart might ſtill containe that fire,
or that the fire would alwaies light my hart,
then ſhould'ſt thou not diſdaine my true deſire,
or thinke I wrong'd thee, to reueale my ſmart.
For as the fire through freezing clowdes doth breake,
So, not my ſelfe, but thou in mee would'ſt ſpeake.

My

SONNET. VII.

MY hart, mine eye accuſeth of his death,
ſaying, his wanton ſight bred his vnreſt:
Mine eye affirmes, my harts vnconſtant faith
hath beene his bane, and all his ioyes repreſt.
My hart auowes mine eye let in the fire,
which burnes him with an euer-liuing light.
mine eye replyes, my greedy harts deſire,
let in thoſe floods wᵗ drownes him day and night.
Thus warres my hart, which reaſon doth maintaine,
and calls mine eye to combat if he darre:
the whilſt my ſoule, impatient of diſdaine,
wrings from his bondage vnto death more narre,
Saue that my loue, ſtill holdeth him in hand,
"A kingdome thus deuided, cannot ſtand.

Vnhappy

SONNET. VIII.

VNhappy day, vnhappy month and season,
when first proud loue my ioyes away adiourning
pour'd into mine eye, (to her eye turning)
a deadly iuyce, vnto my greene thoughts gayson.
Prysoner I am vnto the eye I gaze on,
eternally my loues flame is in burning,
a mortall shaft still wounds mee in my mourning;
thus prisond, burnt & slain, ẏ sprit ẏ soule & reasō.
What tids me then, since these paines ẇ annoy mee,
in my dispaire are euer-more increasing?
the more I loue, lesse is my paines releasing,
that cursed be the fortune which destroyes me.
The hower, the month, the season and the cause,
When loue first made me thrall to louers lawes.

Loue

SONNET. IX.

LOue haue I followed al too-long naught gaining,
and ſigh'd I haue in vaine to ſweet what ſmarteth;
but from his bow a fiery arrow parteth,
thinking that I ſhould him reſiſt, not playning.
But cowardly my hart ſubmiſſe remaining,
yeelds to receiue what ſhaft thy faire eye darteth:
well doe I ſee thine eye, my bale impartеth,
and that ſaue death no hope I am detaining.
For what is he can alter Fortunes ſlyding?
one in his bed conſumes his life away,
other in warres, another in the ſea,
the like effects in mee haue theyr abiding.
For heauens avowed my fortune ſhould be ſuch,
That I ſhould die by louing farre too much.

My

SONNET. X.

MY God, my God, how much I loue my goddeſſe,
whoſe vertues rare, vnto the heauens ariſe,
my God, my God, how much I loue her eyes,
one ſhining bright, the other full of hardnes.
My God, my God, how much I loue her wiſdome,
whoſe words may raviſh heauens richeſt Maker,
of whoſe eyes ioyes, if I might be partaker,
then to my ſoule a holy reſt would come.
My God, how much I loue to heare her ſpeake,
whoſe hands I kiſſe, and raviſht oft rekiſſeth,
whē ſhe ſtands wotleſſe whō ſo much ſhe bliſſeth.
Say then what mind this honeſt loue wold breake,
Since her perfections pure withouten blot,
Makes her belou'd of them ſhee knoweth not?

The

The ſeauenth Decad.

SONNET. I.

THE firſt created, held a ioyous bower,
a flowring fielde, the worlds ſole wonderment,
hyght Paradiſe, from whence a womans power,
entic'd him fall to endleſſe baniſhment.
This, on the banks of *Euphrates* did ſtand,
till the firſt Mouer by his wondrous might,
planted it in thine eyes, thy face, thy hands,
from whence the world receiues his faireſt light.
Thy cheeks cõtaines choice flowers, thy eyes two ſuns,
thy hands the fruite that no life blood can ſtaine,
and in thy breath, that heauenly muſick wons,
which whẽ ỹ ſpeak'ſt, Angels their voyces ſtraines.
As from the firſt, thy ſexe exiled mee,
So to this next, let mee be call'd by thee.

Fayre

SONNET. II.

FAyre Grace of Graces, Muſe of Muſes all,
thou Paradiſe, thou onely heauen I know,
what influence hath bred my hateful woe,
that I from thee and them am forſt to fall?
Thou falſe from mee, from thee I neuer ſhall,
although my fortunes thou haſt brought ſo loe,
yet ſhall my faith and ſeruice with thee goe,
for liue I doe, on heauen and thee to call.
Baniſht all grace, no Graces with mee dwell,
compeld to muſe, why Muſes from mee flye.
excluded heauen, what can remaine but hell?
exil'd from Paradiſe, in hate I lye.
Curſing my ſtarres, albe I find it true,
I loſt all theſe when I loſt loue and you.

What

SONNET. III.

WHat view'd I deere when I thine eyes beheld?
Loue in his glory? no, him *Thyrſis* ſaw,
and ſtoode the boy, whilſt hee his darts did draw,
whoſe painted pride to baſer ſwaines he tell'd.
Saw I two ſunnes? that ſight is ſeene but ſeld,
yet can their broode that teach the holy law
gaze on their beames, and dread them not a ſtraw,
where princely lookes are by their eyes repeld.
What ſaw I then? doubteleſſe it was Amen,
arm'd with ſtrong thunder & a lightnings flame,
who bridgroome like, with power was riding than
meaning that none ſhould ſee him when he came.
Yet did I gaze, and thereby caught the wound
Which burnes my hart, and keepes my body ſound.

When

SONNET. IIII.

When tedious much, and ouer-wearie long,
cruell diſdaine, reflecting from her brow,
hath beene the cauſe that I endur'd ſuch wrong,
and reſt thus diſcontent, and wearie now.
Yet when poſteritie in time to come,
ſhall finde th'vncanceld tenor of her vow,
and her diſdaine be then conſeſt of ſome,
how much vnkind, and long I finde it now.
O yet euen then, (though then will be too late
to comfort mee, dead many a day ere then)
they ſhall confeſſe I did not forct her hart,
and tyme ſhall make it knowne to other men,
That nere had her diſdaine made mee diſpaire,
Had ſhe not beene ſo excellently faire.

Had

SONNET. V.

HAd, shee not beene so excellently faire,
my Muse had heuer mourn'd in lines of woe,
but I did too too inestimable wey her,
and that's the cause I now lament me so.
Yet not for her contempt doe I complaine mee,
(complaints may ease the minde, but that is all,)
therefore though shee too constantly disdaine mee
I can but sigh and greeue, and so I shall?
Yet greeue I not, because I must greeue euer,
and yet (alas) waste teares away in vaine,
I am resolued, truely to perseuer,
though shee persisteth in her olde disdaine.
But that which grieues mee most, is that I see,
Those which most faire, the most vnkindest bee.

SONNET. VI.

THus long impos'd to euerlasting plaining,
(diuinely constant to the worthiest Fayre)
and mooued by eternally disdayning,
aye to perseuer in vnkind despayre:
Because now, Silence, wearily confinde
in tedious dying: and a dombe restraint,
Breakes forth in teares from mine vnable mind,
to ease her passion by a poore complaint.
O doe not therefore to thy selfe suggest
that I can greeue, to haue immur'd so long.
Vpon the matter of mine owne vnrest:
such greefe is not the tenor of my song,
that byde so zealously so bad a wrong.
My greefe is this: vnlesse I speake and plaine mee,
Thou wilt perseuer, euer to disdaine mee.

Thou

SONNET. VII.

THou wilt perſeuer, euer to diſdaine mee,
and I ſhall then dye; when thou wilt repent it:
ô doe not therefore from complaint reſtraine mee,
and take my life from mee, to mee that lent it.
For whilſt theſe accents, weepingly expreſt
in humble lynes, of reuerenteſt zeale,
Haue iſſue to complaine, from mine vnreſt
they but thy beauties wonder ſhall reueale.
And though the greeued Muſe, of ſome other Louer,
(whoſe leſſe deuotions knew but woes like mine)
would rather ſeeke occaſion to diſcouer,
how little pitifull, and how much vnkind,
they other (not ſo worthy beauties) find.
O I not ſo, but ſeeke with humble prayer,
Meanes how to mooue th'vnmercifulleſt fayre.

SONNET. VIII.

AS drawes the golden Meteor of the day,
Exhaled matter from the ground, to heauen,
and by his secret nature, there doth stay
the thing fast held, and yet of hold bereauen,
So by th'attractiue excellence, and might,
borne to the power of thy transparant eyes,
drawne from my selfe, rauisht with thy delight,
whose dumbe conceits diuinely syranyze:
Loe, in suspence of feare, and hope, vpholden,
diuersly poyz'd, with passions that paine mee,
no resolution dares my thoughts imbolden,
since tis not I, but thou that doost sustaine mee.
O if ther's none but thou can worke my woe,
Wilt thou be still vnkind and kill mee so?

Wilt

SONNET. IX.

Wilt thou be ſtill vnkind and kill mee ſo?
whoſe humbled vowes, with ſorrowful apeale,
doe ſtill perſiſt, and did ſo long agoe
intreate for pitty, with ſo pure a zeale?
Suffiſe the world ſhall, (for the world can ſay)
How much thy power hath power, & what it can,
neuer was victor-hand yet moou'd to ſlay
the rendred captiue, or the yeelding mone.
Then ô: why ſhould thy woman-thought impoſe
death and diſdaine on him that yeelds his breath,
to free his ſoule, from diſcontent, and woes:
and humble ſacrifice to a certaine death?
O ſince the world knowes, what thy power can doe,
What wert for thee to ſaue and loue mee ſo?

SONNET. X.

I Mete not mine, by others discontents,
for none compares with mee in true deuotion,
yet though my teares and sighes to her be spent,
her cruell hart disdaines what they doe motion,
Yet though persisting in eternall hate,
to agrauate the cause of my complayning,
her furie, nere confineth with a date,
I will not cease to loue for her disdaining.
Such punie thoughts of vnresolued ground,
whose inaudacitie dares but base conceite,
in mee, and my loue, neuer shall be found;
those coward thoughes vnworthy minds awaite:
But those that loue well, haue not yet begun,
Persеuer euer, and haue neuer done.

Perseuer

The eyght Decad.

SONNET. I.

PErseuer euer, and haue neuer done.
You weeping accent of my weane song,
O doe not you eternall passions shunne,
but be you true, and euerlasting long.
Say that shee doth requite you with disdaine,
yet fortified with hope, endure your fortune;
though cruell now, shee will be kinde againe,
such haps as those, such loues as yours importune:
Though shee protests the faithfullest seuentie,
inexecrable beautie is inflicting:
Kindnesse (in time) will pitty your sincerity,
though now it be yours fortunes interdicting.
For som can say, whose loues haue known like passion,
Women are kind by kind, and coy for fashion.

Giue

SONNET. II.

Giue Period to my matter of complaining,
faire wonder of our times: admiring eye:
and entertaine no more thy long disdaining;
Or giue mee leaue (at last) that I may dye.
For who can liue, perpetually secluded
from death to life, that loathes her discontent?
Lesse by some hope seducingly deluded,
such thoughts aspyre to fortunate euent:
But I, that nowe haue drawne Mal-pleasant breath,
vnder the burden of thy cruell hate,
ô I must long, and linger after death,
and yet I dare not giue my life her date.
For if I dye, and thou repent t'haue slaine mee,
T'wil giue mee more then if thou did'st disdaine me.

T'will

SONNET. 111.

T'will grieue me more thē if thou didſt diſdaine me,
that I ſhould die, and thou becauſe I dye ſo:
and yet to die, it ſhould not know to paine me,
if cruell Beauty were content to bid ſo
Death, to my life: life, to my long diſpaire,
prolong'd by her: giuen to my loue and dayes:
are meanes to tell how truely ſhe is faire,
and I can die to teſtifie her praiſe:
Yet not to die though fairenes mee deſpiſeth,
is cauſe why in complaint I thus perſeuer,
though Death mee and my loue imparadizeth,
by interdicting mee, from her for euer:
I doe not greeue that I am forſt to die,
But die, to thinke vpon the reaſon, Why.

My

SONNET. IIII.

MY teares are true, though others be diuine,
and ſing of warres, and *Troys* new-riſing frame,
meeting Heroick feete in euery line,
that tread high meaſures on the Scene of Fame.
And I though diſaccuſtoming my Muſe,
and ſing but low ſongs in an humble vaine,
may one day raiſe my ſtile as others vſe,
and turne *Elizon* to a higher ſtraine.
When reintombing from oblius ages,
in better ſtanzas her ſuruiuing wonder,
I may oppos'd againſt the monſter-rages
that part deſert, and excellence a ſunder:
That ſhee, (though coy) may yet ſuruiue to ſee
Her beauties wonder lyues againe in mee.

Some-

SONNET. V.

SOmtimes in verſe I praiſd, ſomtime in verſe I ſight,
no more ſhal pe.n with loue and beauty melt,
but to my hart alone, my hart ſhall tell,
how vnſeene flames doe burne it day and night.
Leaſt flames giue light, light brings my loue to ſight,
and my loue proue my follie to excell,
wherefore my loue burnes like the fire of hell,
wherein is fire, and yet there is no light.
For if one neuer lou'd like mee, then why
skilleſſe blames hee the thing hee doth not know?
and hee that ſo hath lou'd ſhould fauour ſhow,
for hee hath beene a foole aswell as I.
Thus ſhall hence-forth more paine more folly haue,
And folly paſt, may iuſtly pardon craue.

A calculation vpon the birth of an honourable Ladies daughter, borne in the yeere, 1588. and on a Friday.

FAyre by inheritance, whom borne wee ſee,
both in the wondrous yeere, and on the day
wherein the faireſt Planet beareth ſway:
the heauens to thee this fortune doe decree.
Thou of a world of harts in time ſhalt be
a Monarch great, and with one beauties ray
ſo many hoaſts of harts thy face ſhall ſlay,
as all the reſt (for loue) ſhall yeeld to thee.
But euen as *Alexander* (when he knewe
his Fathers conqueſts) wept, leaſt he ſhould leaue
no Kingdome vnto him for to ſubdue:
ſo ſhall thy mother thee of praiſe bereaue.
So many harts already thee hath ſlaine,
As few behind to conquer ſhall remaine.

FINIS.